FULLER AGAIN.

The reverend FULLER (who some time ago went from Baltimore to Washington with a company of ecclesiastical Zouaves, and made a spiritual assault on Mr. LINCOLN in the name of Peace, and who, when he got home, insinuated a good many things about the President that did not do him much credit) has lately come out in a new *role*—that of President of a Baptist "Committee on the State of the country," way down in Savannah. It will be remembered that FULLER'S advice, etc., was not, strictly speaking, embraced, though it was handsomely endured. We rather thought FULLER had in his report evinced a spirit that smacked of revenge and small malice. In fact, we insinuated as much. How pained ought we now to find ourselves (but somehow we don't), when we read the language of FULLER'S *new* "report," and the resolutions, by the same honest hand, "unanimously adopted." "God forbid," says FULLER and his pious brethren, "God forbid that we should so far forget the spirit of Jesus as to suffer malice and vindictiveness to insinuate themselves, into our hearts!" So of course it is not their fault, if all the malice, vindictiveness, and mendacity of the most extreme secession view of Northern motives and feelings, should "insinuate themselves into" their hearts as well as preamble and resolutions. They say, "God forbid it!" and so their hands are washed of the whole business. Not only the old lie about "hordes of armed soldiers" being "let loose to pillage and desolate the entire South," etc., but all the other lies, old and new, that have been invented on the subject, may be found in the course of FULLERS "report." But it is not FULLER'S fault. Like P. PILATE, he has washed his hands of it. If God chose not to "forbid" certain impulses of a diabolic nature to "insinuate themselves into" FULLER'S defenceless heart, why should we blame FULLER? Tell us that, and unyoke.

We wish we were as good and pious as FULLER. We might eventually be hung for it, but we do not know as that would alter the case. Whereas hanging is said to be "too good" for this or that gallows—bird, we should be consoled by the reflection that, for us, hanging would not be good enough. When you're hung for your piety, you know where you go. Otherwise, you don't.

THE ROMANCE OF THE INDIAN.

Latterly, on account of Palace Garden and other places where the Indian war-whoop may be nightly heard for amounts varying from twelve to twenty-five "nickels," the romance connected with that gloomy aborigine has been, for us, a thing of the past. We looked upon him as a Chiriqui relic; only we would have preferred leaving him to rest in his grave, instead of exhuming him for mercantile or other purposes, like those deformed pieces of pottery. The man who does a newspaper at Memphis, in Tennessee, however,—a newspaper called the *Argus*—appears to hold a different opinion with regard to the sanctity of grave-yards. This charming person has lately dug up an old Cherokee Indian, charitably set him up on his editorial staff, and editorially published the substance of a cheerful report of affairs at Washington, professedly furnished by him—the Chiriqui-Cherokee—in his capacity of special correspondent to the *Argus*, of Memphis, Tenn. If romance had fled away before the factitious battle-yell of the spurious, lager-beery aborigine, it has returned in improved health with the report of the cheerful Chiriqui-Cherokee who did up affairs at Washington for the man at Memphis, Tenn. "The noble Indian," says the person last mentioned, "visited several Departments of the Federal Government, and found the various offices turned into storehouses for greasy hams, pork, beef, powder, etc., the smeared walls and dirt-heaped floors resembling a pig-pen more than aught else the Indian could think of." This passage we have slightly modified, because, if given with the full epithetical force of the original, some too fastidious reader might think that the pen of the Memphis man "resembled a pig-pen more than aught else he could think of." Further on, the man who dug up the cheerful Chiriqui-Cherokee, makes the following statement from that "noble Indian's" report:

> "The drunkenness of LINCOLN, the general confusion, disorder and dirt, did not surprise the Indian more than the profanity and obscenity of speech indulged in by those talking to or near this precious President. Fear, great and general fear, he describes as the sentiment now prevalent in Washington, and nowhere more apparent than in the white and quivering lips of LINCOLN when he is least unbraced by alcohol. A report prevails throughout the city that all the public buildings are undermined, and will be blown up if the city is taken by DAVIS."

This kind of Indian romance throws so completely into the shade that inferior quality of article manufactured by COOPER, that we feared lest DARLEY might be induced to hurry down to Memphis, and risk his precious life in an effort to immortalize in sepia the noble Chiriqui-Cherokee who does the washing—we mean the Washington—for the man of the Memphis *Argus*. But that contingency we have anticipated; and DARLEY is saved to art and to his admiring country. In the accompanying sketch from our ubiquitous artist, we have ample evidence of the amount of intellect brought to bear in the manage ment of the Memphis *Argus*. Mark, here, the stamp of genius on the lofty brow of the noble savage and special war-whoop correspondent of that ably conducted journal. See how firmly his feet are planted, like tobacco, upon his native hill-side. Observe the intellect that animates his ear, the sagacity that hangs upon his nether lip, the ease of attitude that at once proclaims him to be the polished, if not greased, gentleman of nature's modelling. Certainly, in securing the abilities of this eminent savage, the man of the Memphis *Argus* has proved himself to be "Up to Snuff."

THE WAR-WHOOP CORRESPONDENT OF THE MEMPHIS ARGUS.

DOG OR CAT?

That pleasing sheet, the Charleston *Mercury*, in an article about Northerners, the other day, called us "moral cats." As the immorality of the feline race is notorious, we considered this rather a compliment than otherwise. "Moral cats" is good. The moral cat is a pleasing object to contemplate. Nothing, in fact, could be finer than the moral cat.

But fancy our surprise at finding a few lines further down in the *Mercury's* article, that we of the North were "dirty dogs!" The dirty dog, to adopt the vernacular of the Peorian, "stumped" us. How, said we, can a man be a moral cat and a dirty dog at the same time? Clearly the thing is impossible. Just see how it looks in a logical form.

Major Proposition. A Northern man (according to the *Mercury*) is a moral cat.

Minor proposition. A moral cat is not a dirty dog.

Ergo. A Northern man is not a dirty dog.

Quod erat demonstradum.

On reflection, however, we concluded that it was not worth while to argue the matter with the *Mercury*. Whether the Southerners call us "moral cats" or "dirty dogs," is of little moment so long as they themselves continue to monopolize a certain other department of Natural History—need we say that we refer to that of the asses?

The Voice of the South.

"What is the tenor of the news from the South?" asked a Wall street millionaire of a popular musician, a couple of days ago.

"They have no Tenor among them," replied the P. M.,—"they are singing Base, there, to a man."

The Brigade that ought to Reap Glory.

SICKLES' Brigade.

Patriotic Juvenile.—Say, Johnny, s'pose this ere pie wur a Sesessioner? (*Exit Pie.*)

Cotton Paper.

The Confederate States party in England, encouraged by the presence among them of Jeff. Davis' piratical ambassadors, have decided upon setting up an Organ, which is to be ground exclusively to such negro melodies as contain allusions to the downy weed of woe. The new Confederate journal is to be edited by one Mann. Thus, we find that there is, after all, an occasional fitness in things: for what can be more appropriate to the sentiment of the occasion than the idea of a One-horse party driven by One Mann?

A Sad Case.

Virginia, we're told, was a virgin of old,
And so all her artists still sketch her;
Alas! for the fate of the fair Virgin State,
She's now in the hands of a Letcher!

True Enough!

When our Yankee boys arrive in Montgomery, the Rebel leaders will be very much Put Out!

The Land of Promise(s.)

The Southern Confederacy.

THE GRAND TELEGRAPHIC DESCENT.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE SEIZED DISPATCHES!

Vanity Fair Ahead of all Competitors, as Usual!

Accounts of the late simultaneous descent upon the telegraph offices in the North have appeared in the daily papers. The descent, as is well-known, was made by order of the Government, for the purpose of possessing the treasonable dispatches that have passed over the wires during the past year. While the valuable information thus secured has been studiously kept from the daily papers by order of Mr. Lincoln, that gentleman has nevertheless sent us a few of the most important telegrams obtained in the grand seizure. This act of kindness on the part of Mr. Lincoln (himself a wag of decided ability,) rather overcomes us. It is a scathing refutation of the report that he was jealous of our brilliant and onward career as humorists. But to the telegrams:

Memphis, Jan. 1.

To J. Smith, N. Y.

1234
J. D. 1234 is
2468.
Punkins.

Although this dispatch staggered the entire war department, we think we see it. "J. D." evidently means Jeff Davis. A careful examination will show the column of figures to be an intricate sum in addition. The word punkins, it will be perceived, appears immediately under the sum. We thus have: "Jeff Davis is sum Pumkins."

We pass to the next:

New Orleans, Feb. 2.

To E. Jones, Boston:
Whiskey played out, lots of pork, corn bouyant.
J. Dawson.

"Whiskey" evidently means Mr. Buchanan. "Lots of pork" undoubtedly refers to the money, spoons, etc., that Mr. Floyd had prigged, while we think "Corn" must allude to Mr. Cobb, whose general rascality had at that time assumed a somewhat bouyant form.

Natchez, Feb. 9.

To A. Bluff, Philadelphia:
Graves is for us. X.
Undoubtedly an allusion to Toombs, and we can only add that we believe they "is"—pretty shortly.

Mobile, Jan. 2.

To W. De Jones, Buffalo:
h. c. a. W. f. b. p. c. o. I. In Virginia?
B. Brown.

This bothered us, but by setting up all night and putting wet cloths on our head, we mastered it. Thus: "How can a Wise family be principally composed of Idiots—in Virginia?"
That—if we may be allowed the expression—is what "gits us."

Culpepper Court-House, Va., March 3.

Frank Thompson, N. Y.:
Nixy Cully. Yours is an interesting Case. 4×11=44.
We can't make the above out, and have handed it over to Secsher.

Little Rock, March 2.

A. Bray, N. Y.:
The "big guns" of Arkansas are bumming. B.
Implying, we at once conclude, that the leading men of that serene State are on a bum, as usual.

Montgomery, May 1.

Beeswax received. We are coming down. Boys.
"Beeswax" is obscure, but that the boys at Montgomery will sooner or later come down is clear enough to us.
It is unnecessary to call the attention of our intelligent readers, (we sell papers to intelligent people only,) to the importance of the above. And we beg to say, although we say it with great confidence, that whenever the Government at Washington gets bothered and wants some gigantic intellects which can grasp all sorts of subjects, they are delicately reminded that the office of Vanity Fair is at 100 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A loan? I did not do it.

Coriolanus slightly altered.

The Charleston *Courier* of the 6th inst. denies that Governor Hammond gave $5,000 to the State of South Carolina. Upon this occasion we have no doubt for once the *Courier* tells the truth. When a Northern Mudsill springs to arms at the call of his country and tenders to her both life and money for the protection of the Union, it is not to be supposed that a Southern Patrician would so demean himself as to offer to sustain his cause with anything more substantial than words. Why, something lower even than a Northern Mudsill contributed $3,000 here in this city as a feeble reparation for the insults and abuses he had for years heaped upon the North; it is probable, therefore, that this refusal of Governor Hammond to aid his peculiar institution may be a little feeble effort of repentance.

C. S. A.

Many ignorant persons have supposed that they well understood the meaning of the above symbols, but the late Hon. A. H. Stephens, in his recent speeches, has shown them to mean "Cotton State Aristocracy."

THE SOUTHERN MALBROOK.

A Song of the Future.

Air.—"*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.*"

[Note.—By our Historical Musical Editor.]

This sublime and beautiful effusion is copied after a song which was all the rage in France, towards the close of the last century. It was composed,—the original, not this copy—on the great Duke of Marlborough, of whom the reader *may* have heard, and, it is supposed, before his death; sixty years afterwards the nurse of the son of Louis XVI., (commonly called the Dolphin,) sang him to sleep, and wakened the nation with it. Like Vanity Fair, it had an enormous circulation. Children cried for it as they do (in advertisements) for Sherman's Lozenges. Ladies sang it instead of "*Robert toi qui J'aime,*" or "The long, long weary day." It was printed on bonnet strings and pocket-handkerchiefs, with a picture of Marlborough's burial, (an en-graving, of course,) his lady, the stalwart Sarah, sallying forth on her tower, and the little page in black, like the *Day Book*, after the surrender of Sumter! The great Napoleon, of whom the reader *must* have heard, used to sing the air when he mounted his war steed to welcome his foes with hospitable hands to a bloody grave. He even remembered it in St. Helena, and hummed it in his island hum, as Dr. Holmes would say. The original commences in this fashion. (Overhaul your "French Without A Master," and construe—if you can.)

"*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,*
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra."

But enough of History.

For the touching melody below, which is a remarkably close copy of the original, we predict a similar, if not greater popularity. It is adapted for the South, who seem of late to have taken a fancy for French airs—as if they had not enough of their own! They have a Southern Marseillaise, why not a Southern Malbrook? In the idiomatic dialect of Bohemia, they may not "see it," but we trust they will, before long. If they don't like it, suppose they try—"*Mourir pour la patrie?*" It is the best thing some of them can do; they are not fit to live for it.

President Lincoln, to whom a copy was sent in MSS., has signified his approval of the song; for we have it on the best authority, (our own,) that whenever he is summoned to the War Department to consult with Secretary Scott and General Cameron, he invariably says, "Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee."

THE SOUTHERN MALBROOK.

Jeff Davis has gone to battle,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Jeff Davis has gone to battle,
Nor knows when he'll return.

He'll return on the first of April,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
He'll return on the first of April,
Or on the Fourth of July.

But the Fourth of July is over,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
But the Fourth of July is over,
And Davis does not return.

Lady Davis calls her Congress,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Lady Davis calls her Congress,
And mounts the speaker's chair.

She there perceives her nigger,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
She there perceives her nigger,
As black as the ace of spades.

Nigger, my high-priced nigger,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Nigger, my high-priced nigger,
What tidings do you bring?

O Gorra, missus, de tidin's,
Tweeeledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
O Gorra, missus, de tidin's,
Dey'll make yer lilly eyes weep,

Took off yer Summer muslin,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Took off yer Summer muslin,
Also yer more anteek.

Massa Jeff is done gone dead,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Massa Jeff is done gone dead,
Dead an' buried, shu-ah!

I seed him shove in de ground,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
I seed him shove in de ground,
By de Abolitioners!

One followed wid his message,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
One followed wid his message,
Anoder wid his letters ob Mark.

One carried his dyin' 'fession,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
One carried his dyin' 'fession,
Anoder some 'Fedrate bon's.

Dey hung him on de gallus,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Dey hung him on de gallus,
Under de stars an' stripes.

Around his tomb dey planted,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Around his tomb dey planted,
De cussed Palmetter tree!

Upon de topmost branches,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Upon de topmost branches,
De Turkey buzzard sung.

We seed his troubled spirit,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
We seed his troubled spirit,
Fly ober de Cotton States.

Secesshun fell to de ground,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Secesshun fell to de ground,
Till it got up agin,

To sing ob de victories,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
To sing ob de victories,
That Massa Davis won.

De sad occashun ober,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
De sad occashun ober,
De folks went home to bed.

A Representative Man.

Among the "birds of a feather" who "flock together" into the tree upon which the rebel Congress at Montgomery roosts, there is one Sparrow. This bird represents some portion of the Pelican State; and it is a curious coincidence, and one significant of the "happy family" style of thing, that Keitt serves on the same committee with Sparrow of the Pelican State. Sparrow is an appropriate name for a representative from Louisiana. We are told that the market price of Sparrows in olden times was four for a farthing, a coin which is equivalent in value to about half a cent American money; at which rate One Sparrow may be valued at exactly the eighth part of a fraction of a red cent. Thus it is that one Sparrow is a very appropriate representative of the whole or any part of Louisiana; the distant prospect enjoyed by which State of making any satisfactory cotton arrangement may be set down as the fraction of a Far Thing.

A Bunch of Keys.

The Key of the Palace. Lac-key.
The Key of the Stable. Joc-key.
The Key of the Convent. Mon-key.
The Key of the Kitchen. Tur-key.
The Key of the Rebellion. Whis-key!

The Turning Point of Virginia.

Wheeling.